

OUR OWN HALF-ARSED ANARCHIST CHAPBOOK



Volume 1

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first edition of Our Own Half-Arsed Anarchist Chapbook (OOHAAC). Thrown together over a long weekend by the denizens of a constellation of associated online anarcho-communist groups, the chapbook is an experiment in translating online content back into an analogue-friendly format.

It's a mish-mash of memes, essays, poetry, propaganda, art, philosophy and gratuitous discourse by anarchists and communists from around the world.

This - and any future issues - will be available to download from archive.org.

No editors, no masters.

1 May, 2017

OOHAAC is published under a Creative Commons
Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

You can copy it and remix it as long as you don't use it for commercial projects.



FRESH MEME DISTRO (CUT OUT AND KEEP)



WAR IS
PEACE
FREEDOM IS
SLAVERY
PEPSI IS
DELICIOUS

STOICISM'S CALL TO ACTION

Mighty Owlbear

The Stoic philosopher Epictetus has no patience for the rival school of Epicureanism. He feels that Epicurus, by defining Good as personal freedom from anguish and pain, rejects the social nature of human beings.

In the Discourses, Epictetus says:

"Epicurus knows that once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love it nor care about it. For this reason, Epicurus says that a man who has any sense also does not engage in political matters; for he knows what a man must do who is engaged in such things."

To the Stoics, engagement with our fellow humans is core to virtue. While we cannot control the way others treat us, our interactions with other people are the proving ground of our own virtue in regard to all those things within ourselves over which we have control.

While Stoicism is popularly associated with the practice of accepting those external things which we cannot control, it is important not to forget the ethical discipline of action and the virtue of justice.

Where we can effect change; where we can exercise our courage and wisdom to benefit the fellow humans that make up our global society; where we can fight injustice, we must.

Marcus Aurelius wrote that we exist for the sake of one another. To remain passive in the face of harm against the body of our mutual social organism when you are able to do otherwise exhibits no courage or temperance.

It is instead an Epicurean withdrawal to a walled garden, shuttered away from the cares and troubles of the world for only as long as those walls may stand.

FRESH MEME DISTRO (CUT OUT AND KEEP)

WHAT THEY THINK WHEN YOU SAY YOU'RE
INTO GREEK LIFE



WHAT YOU REALLY MEANT



THE STARS OF HIALEAH

Jp

There is a place
Where you can go.
But only if you know
Where it is
And what it's called.

It's called the stars of Hialeah.

You jump an old fence,
That hasn't been repaired
Since hurricane Andrew.
You pass old roads, with signs
That haven't been repaired
Since hurricane Wilma.

It's called the stars of Hialeah.
And it's bordered on the west side
By the house of a mother with children,
Whose last names have traveled further around the world,
Than any of them probably will.

Just north of there was where that kid
Swam that gross ass canal,
On a bet.
And he got hooked by some grandfathers fishing,
But it wasn't that bad.
He only needed eight stitches.

On the south side you'll find a man
Who lost his legs in one war,
And lost his mind in another.

His son visits him from time to time,
When the traffic is bad,
And he has to get off a couple exits early.

It's called the stars of Hialeah
And it's a hill by an overpass,
Sort of.

It's near an old friend's house,
Where they sleep nine to a room.
But you didn't know that,
Because he showers six times a day,
To not be the dirty kid.

The basketball court is just east of there.
The one where lights go out too early,
But the cops leave you alone if y'all play by moonlight.
Or headlight.

It's called the stars of Hialeah
And it's where the best freestyles are heard.

It's near that pizza place with the really good New York style pizza.
By the spot with the really good,
Really cheap hoagies.
No, not the place by the barbecue spot.
The one close to the panadería,
Where that mom got shot randomly.
And no one knew why,
So we all just made up a gang initiation story.

It's near that movie theater,
Where all the cool kids go.
But not really.
You just always end up running by there.

It's called the stars of Hialeah

It's-it's where the stench of drugs
And rotten beer fade.
Where the breeze of the ocean is felt,
Miles and miles inland.

It's called the stars of Hialeah
And every homeless kid seems to find it.
Every runaway,
Every kicked out child,
Every social reject.

The headrest feels like the most comfortable bleachers you've ever slept on.
The footrest is the trunk of a palm that lived longer than you prolly will.
The seating is always just a little too warm,
Warmed by the millions of watts used by about sixteen names.

The sight is that of cars racing away into the night,
forever gone.
Falling over the angled horizon of the palmetto.
Streaking lights
As people drive too fast.
Twisting and turning,
Around the ones that drive too slow.

It's called the stars of Hialeah
And if you pay attention,
The cars feel like a heartbeat.
The heartbeat of the land
Never restful.
The too warm seating,
Its body heat.
The garbage littered everywhere,
The lives of its residents.

It's called the stars of Hialeah
And if you let your eyes unfocus

Just right
It looks like the most amazing array of shooting stars.
Like all the wishes of this strange place
Were suddenly being granted.
The prayers to Shango,
And la Virgen,
Come to life.

When you see it,
Hialeah has claimed you.

And it will hold you,
For too short a time.

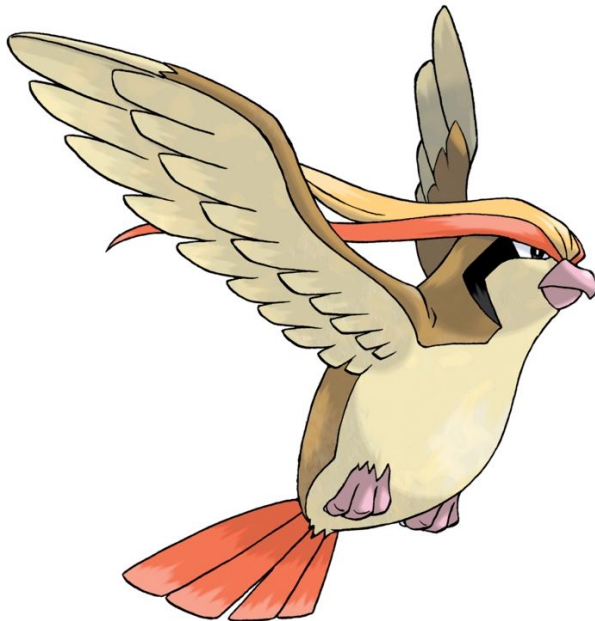
It's called the stars of Hialeah.

And you can go,
Only if you know
Where it is
And what it's called.

FRESH MEME DISTRO (CUT OUT AND KEEP)



CATS : ALL YOUR TOOTHBRUSH ARE BELONG
TO US



It is not difficult to see the absurdity of naming a few men and saying to them, "Make laws regulating all our spheres of activity, although not one of you knows anything about them!"

- Pyotr Kropotkin

THIS AIN' T NO FIGHT SONG

Dale Vaughn

I am not one to breed or feed on hate but I've got something inside that I need to release
If you've got the will to live don't put down your life
Drop your walls and the chains and pick up your gun and the knife

Let's set this off with some Molotovs and drop the knowledge bomb
What do you stand for and which side are you on?
This ain't no fight song
No experience needed to change your life
Just a head on your shoulders that recognizes there should be no strife
This ain't no fight song

It started with a spark that rekindled the smoldering embers of yesterday
Bisbee deportations, Migrant farmer marches and the Brown Berets
Where are the fighters of old? Have we all grown complacent with time? Where did the
fire go, the one that shed forth that bright light?

Let's set this off with some Molotovs and drop the knowledge bomb
What do you stand for and which side are you on?
This ain't no fight song
No experience needed to change your life
Just a head on your shoulders that recognizes there should be no strife
This ain't no fight song

The countless martyrs bound by blood and burned,
Their silhouettes dance in the bonfire light...
Unrepentant those who wander seeking the end of this fight...
So unfold your wings and come out of the cold shadows and pick up the fight for your
life!

FRESH MEME DISTRO (CUT OUT AND KEEP)



When someone calls you a liberal



DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM AND THE STATE, FROM AN ANARCHIST PERSPECTIVE

Adam Denker

Dialectical materialism, the study of material conditions and needs as they relate to social conflict, is not antithetical to Anarchism. Rather, I argue that it is inherent to it!

Marxist-Leninists correctly hold that antagonisms between people that we see under capitalism are not a part of human nature, but rather a result of capitalism forcing everyone into competition with one another. However, that is only their rhetoric. Their actions, and other beliefs, betray this claim, showing that they do in fact believe such antagonisms to be inherent (if only because of culture, which can be changed). This is shown by their insistence of the need for a state-government beyond the revolution itself (I say “beyond the revolution,” because a revolution is a sort of state-government which even Anarchists recognize as necessary) to remove such antagonisms over time. This insistence shows that they do not believe that these antagonisms result from capitalist institutions, but are inherent to the people in some way, because they believe they can use institutions like the state to remove antagonisms created by capitalism.

Anarchists argue differently. They use Diamat to analyze the material conditions of people and come to the conclusions that societal antagonisms are a direct result of capitalist institutions, whether they support capitalism or not. The most prominent being the state. There will always be conflict between the governor and the governed. The only solution is to eliminate the governor and allow the governed to govern themselves. It is not possible to create such a situation with any kind of State-Government, even a direct democracy. Because a state-government is an entity with authority over many communities. Even if such an entity were a direct democracy, that would subject everyone to the votes and wills of people from outside their community. People with no understanding of their needs, wants, and material conditions. Such things can only be understood by those of one's own community. And so the same old antagonisms will continue even under a Marxist-Leninist state. The only solution, as we anarchists argue, is to eliminate the state as a permanent entity with authority over all. Decentralize governmental institutions, make them non-hierarchical. In short: reduce government down to local direct-democracy. The only time state-level government is used, is when more than one community is affected by something. Such as the need for a highway, or

regulating irrigation, or to defend themselves from an invader. In such situations, the people of the affected communities would need to come together in a temporary directly-democratic state-government. But such a temporary state would only have authority over the specific need which caused its formation, and would only involve communities which are affected by that need, and only if those communities choose to participate. Once that need was met, this temporary state would immediately dissolve, much like the revolution itself.

Leninists mistakenly laugh at these notions, as they interpret it as a “foolish anarchist” mistakenly endorsing Leninism. But this is because they refuse to understand the difference between legitimate and illegitimate authority. The State which Leninists seek to construct is a traditional one, regardless of what word-salad they hide it behind. It’s an illegitimate authority, it has a hierarchical structure, a system of “the government” and “the governed” that imposes its power on everyone, regardless of whether or not they choose to participate. And sets itself up permanently, leaving the decision of when to dissolve itself to itself, rather than than those which it governs (which is a distinction that shouldn’t exist anyway).

The Anarchist system is none of that. It’s the mutual relationship of neighbors placed on a macro scale. If you work with your neighbor to build a fence between both of your houses, or a garden that is shared by both of you, or an irrigation ditch you both use, is there a hierarchy in that situation? If your neighbor decides that they do not wish to contribute to the garden, do you force them to anyway? After the irrigation ditch is completed, do you force your neighbor to keep working with you on other projects? Of course not. As soon as the need of your partnership is over, you each walk away, and that is that, each knowing that you will likely come together again in the future to solve similar problems, but leaving each other to your separate affairs until such a time. At any time, either of you can decide to stop working with the other, these kinds of relationships are built on mutual aid, not coercion. And that is the temporary “state” that Anarchists will utilize to solve issues that involve multiple communities. It is the exact same concept, but simply involving hundreds, thousands, or even millions of people, depending on how many people are affected by the need. It is an organic system, coming and going with need, and never forced.

Of course, the obvious must be pointed out: some things are “forced.” But such force is to stop others from using coercion, or oppressing others. Such as anti-capitalism. Capitalist systems will always be forcefully opposed. No one can engage in capitalist ownership

and wage systems based on the argument of “freedom of association.” For the same reason that no one can engage in slavery under such false pretense. Because the one being exploited is being denied their freedom of association and freedom from coercion. If someone claims private ownership of the means of production, then the community as a whole is being denied their right to freely access it. And so force must be utilized by the community to stop such capitalist institutions, because everyone in the community has a right to access the means needed to construct the things that everyone needs to survive and desires for a comfortable life. All belongs to all!

However, everyone is also entitled to privacy, and constant access to the things which make life comfortable. And that is where personal property comes into play.

FRESH MEME DISTRO (CUT OUT AND KEEP)



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS

Xay

In four hundred years, will we be fighting still?
Within ourselves? Without free will?
Will the sun and the moon and the star dust around us
still spur the same questions which stir within us?

Where the people sleep now, will a tree someday grow?
Up through dead houses and through our old bones?
In four hundred years will our love still be nurtured?
Or will the streets be crumbling, the people murdered?

And if the people still breathe the air I once sang with
and are all still fighting the ideas of interconnectedness,
will they listen to songs of melancholy, alone, as we do?
Will our stories and lore and adventures get through ?

In four hundred years, will somebody speak my name?
And if it is spoken, will it still mean the same?
What would I wonder? I'd love to know.
Yet the things I see now are just foreshadows.



The American

Zephyr

CW: addiction, pedophilia, capitalism, war

Sitting on your ass, Fake as the shit you
watch on TV sitting contently as your
neighbors die homeless starving and
damned, laughing at shootings pretending
to give a crap as Syria is bombed to ruins as
Egypt riots japan drowns, as china enslaves
themselves you say what can I do instead
of getting off your behind you update your
status tweet over posted memes put new
crappy pictures on your instagram you take
breaks to watch your porn fucking yourself
as you fuck the world watching Kardashians
waste their lives as that fat little terd honey
booboo is led as a lamb to slaughter
watching TMZ as your dog eats its shit
jumping on the couch to lick your face
Blaming police, bums, the government, big
business, anything but yourself as your skin
grafts to your couch your lap top burns your
\$300 jeans the same exact ones sold at
Wal-Mart for \$12 as you rape yourself and
your children raping the earth with your
bullshit
Siddhartha, Jesus, Mohammed, Crowley,
and Darwin
sitting together sing drunken songs full of
nonsense laughing together in joy as you
fight and kill over their words like
self-righteous fools as you and your couch

become one just like your 14 year old son
and his coach every Wednesday stretching their assholes to new dimensions as your
daughter cuts her soul away sucking up her
stepdad as she sucks off her life at the end
of a needle
as babies are made and killed in some
toothless hookers infested womb
Stop sitting with your head up your ass get
out and do something you fat lazy fuck



CW: SUICIDE

Zephyr

If you see me sleeping don't wake me up
It's so rare I get rest

I'm tired of living I can hardly hold my head
You are haunting me leaving me wanting death

If you see me weeping please pass on by
It's so rare I get to cry

I'm tired of living can barely hold it inside
You are haunting me leaving me wanting death

If you see me dying do not resuscitate
It's so rare I get to end

I'm tired of living can barely keep on breathing
You are haunting me but soon be dead

I'm sorry I left you all alone
I thought you ran away
Like so many times we did

You're still in my head
Still hanging from that branch

If you see me sleeping don't wake me up
It's so rare I get rest

I'm tired of living I can hardly hold my head
You are haunting me leaving me wanting death

If you see me weeping please pass on by
It's so rare I get to cry

I'm tired of living can barely hold it inside
You are haunting me leaving me wanting death

If you see me dying do not resuscitate
It's so rare I get to end

I'm tired of living can barely keep on breathing
You are haunting me but soon i'll be dead

I forgave you a long time ago
It's not like I have tried to kill myself

It might be survivor's guilt
It might be that I understand



SPRITE: DANK EDITION

Joseph Zubrow

CW: some violence, nuclear war

Fwwwpppttt.

Sara opened her can of Sprite, levering a dull aluminum nub with her pastel pink fingernail. She took a sip.

"What are we going to do?"

Maria was pacing up and down the pavilion as she said this, on the other side of a rusting picnic table. She ran both of her hands through her dark, coarse hair, and glanced out into the woods. The wind shook through some of the dying brush. Sara took another sip, and set down the soda can, shaking her head.

"I don't think there's a lot to do. This isn't our fight, is it?"

"What do you mean 'isn't our fight?' We live..."

A deer popped into the roughage, but disappeared back into the deep woods once it saw the pair by the pavilion. The rustling of leaves interrupted Maria. She rubbed the bruise on her leg, and wondered if her femur might be broken: a stress fracture, she thought. She said:

"Don't you think you could do something?"

"No. I don't."

Sara took a long drink from her Sprite can. She tapped out a cadence on the aluminum with her fingernails.

Maria walked out from under the pavilion, towards the spot in the woods where the deer had come from. It was the dead of night, but the sky held a red hue about it. She saw a few of the stars moving across the sky, like minnows. She shivered, and pulled her red windbreaker tighter around her.

Sara finished her Sprite, crushed the can, and threw it into the grass, narrowly missing Maria.

Maria spun around.

"What now?"

Sara stretched her arms, and started walking away from Maria, towards the junker sedan they'd come here in.

"We can go back to the city."

Maria jogged to follow her, unlocking the car as she did.

Ⓐ

They were about 5 miles away from the city when Sara opened another can of Sprite. Maria glanced over to her.

"Where are you getting those from?"

"Where do you think, Maria?"

Maria stared hard into the highway ahead.

"What does it feel like?"

Sara took a long sip.

"Reaching into a cosmic refrigerator."

Maria gently accelerated. Sara kicked her legs up onto the dash of the car, and wiggled her toes through her sandals. She looked at a streetlight up ahead, and it shattered. The glass fell onto the hood of the car. Maria jumped in her seat.

"And what does that feel like?"

"Hitting the perfect baseball swing."

Sara took another long sip from her Sprite can.

"Do you think that I can do anything? To fix this?" she said.

Maria stared hard into the highway, and swallowed. Her hands tightened around the wheel.

"Do you?" said Sara.

"I do."

Ⓐ

As Maria and Sara reached the edge of the city, they could see a tiny white light moving towards them, behind the red glow of a skyscraper on fire.

“There’s another one on the way,” said Maria.

Sara nodded quietly.

“Can you do anything about that?”

“I don’t think so...”

Sara took another sip of her Sprite.

Maria pushed down on the accelerator, and started towards City Hall. The streets of the city were empty. A fire burned here or there, and eventually, they came to a barricade of abandoned cars. Sara stepped out, and after a pause, Maria followed. Sara took a sip of her Sprite.

“How far are we from City Hall?” said Sara

“Just a few blocks.”

Even as Maria said this, Sara was already walking away. Maria hurried after her.

Ⓐ

After walking several blocks, the pair turned a corner, onto the square which contained City Hall. A crowd was assembled in front of the building. On the steps, the mayor seemed to be arguing with the crowd. A group of police officers stood behind him, with their guns pointed outwards, shuffling uneasily. A man in a black leather jacket stood in front of the mayor, further down the steps. His back was to the crowd. He held a pistol at his side.

The mayor said something, and quickly, the man in the leather jacket lashed out, striking him across the face with the gun. The mayor’s head cracked against the stone steps. He struggled to his knees, as the police officers trained their guns on the attacker. The man in the leather jacket raised his gun to the mayor’s head. The police officers edged forwards, Gunshots broke out of the crowd, and several of the officers were hit. The others quickly flocked to the injured officers, trying desperately to tend to the wounds. The man in the leather jacket raised the pistol to the mayor’s head with one hand. The entire square was silent. With the other hand, he took a cigarette out from behind his ear, put it in his mouth, and then lit it. He inhaled deeply. Smoke drifted out of his nostrils, slowly. When the last tendrils had left. He squeezed the trigger, and the mayor fell backwards.

The crowd was still silent. Looking upwards, Sara saw the small dot of light was still growing. She closed one eye, and tilted her head a little. Reaching her hand up, she closed her thumb and forefinger around the speck. She pulled the speck out of the sky, and held it up to one eye. She placed the speck on her tongue, and took a long sip of her Sprite. She swallowed.

Ⓐ

TODAY'S HOT OPINION POLL RESULTS

Reasons you are an anarchist. Go!

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | I'm sick of my and my comrades' lives being nothing more than grist to the mill of capitalism |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Cornbread option |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | I could no longer kid myself that party politics is a means of political change |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | disregard the constabulary |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Anarchism means open polls |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Jello Biafra |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Anarchy means I do what I want |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | I am an anarchist and also a very naughty boy |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | The memes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | i actually read the red text in sunday school |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Anarchist cookbook/Steal this book/system of a down in middle school |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Black bloc gets the coolest outfits |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Fuck all governments |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Getting rid of money means I can have my own place to host grindr hookups |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | I'm not an anarchist, I'm a very naughty boy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Peer pressure |



I AM OWED A DEBT

Jp

I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.
I grew up with the American dream.
That every one
Would have an equal chance.
That we stood
on equal footing.

From the day I was born my mother taught me this fairytale.
My mother,
The illegal immigrant.
She taught me this dream.
She told me we had a chance.
That the dream was possible,
We just had to work at it.
I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.

This dream.
It was whispered in my ear
Under streetlights and cardboard blankets,
I heard it.
Under the crinkle of newspaper socks,
I heard it.
For years
I believed it,
During garbage can lunch.
For years
I believed it,
After "two minutes!" showers.
For years
I believed it,

While waiting for the bus.
And things got better.
I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.

But
I saw our struggle.
I saw not only our own, but that of others.
Others who had it much worse than we did.
That once
We,
Were able to stand,
We took in
And helped whenever we could.

The poor, tired, and huddled masses,
They stayed in my living room.
The disenfranchised,
The handicapped,
They stayed in my living room.
The hunted, and the tired,
They stayed in my living room.
The black,
The red,
They stayed in my living room.
I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.

After years I grew disillusioned.
I left the dream.
I told myself that when I was a child I played with childish things
But as I grew into an adult I learned to put away childish things.
Things like dreams.
Things like hope.

--But fuck it.
I am owed a debt.

And I plan to collect.

Fuck this system's deception.
Fuck this system's oppression.
Fuck how tired I feel,
Every fucking day.
Fuck, how tired I feel--

I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.

I have this dream.
It was a gift.
A gift from my mother.
My mother,
The illegal immigrant.
One day my country will live up to the myth.
So I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.

This is my country.
You will not keep it from me.
This is not your land.
This is not your sky,
These are not your trees,
These are not your oceans.
This is not your land.
This is not your land.
I am owed a debt.
And I plan to collect.



marcasin.net

ADDITIONAL CREDITS

Memes & interior art by: Mighty Owlbear, Di0nysus, Quark, Proxy Finnerty, A.N. Archist, Lindsey Ehm, Mal Freeman, Daryl McEwen, Zephyr, denizens of (Ch)Administan.



Rear cover:

"Lattice Grids and Random Colored Anarchy"

algorithmic aRt designed in R

seed(222111)

by They Young

all source code freely available at :

<https://github.com/completelyAbsorbed/aRt>

(Acircle.R, helperFunctions.R, Acircle.png)

Instagram : @TheyBoarding

